IN A COUNTRY TOWN

Where Some Parisians Go to Enjoy Rustic Life.

NEITHER COUNTRY NOR SUBURBAN

Customs of the Visitors and the Peasants Described.

VOLTAIRE'S BIRTHPLACE

secial Correspondence of The Evening Star.



SCEAUX, July 8, 1895. LITTLE RAIL-A road, with frequent trains, both slow and noisy, hauls the tourist in half an hour from Paris, the effulgent capital of France, to Sceaux, a country town lost in The noisy railroad, with its screeching trains, which lumber ever to and fro from

then back to Sceaux, is typical of everything one sees in this community. Sceaux is neither country, suburban nor Parisian. It is too countryfied to be suburban and too tinctured with the life of Paris to be really rural. The Eiffel tower, ten miles shoots its colored lights on Sceaux. convenient country town, so near to Paris, yet so far away, in order to enjoy the shady yet so far away, in order to enjoy the shady walks and the fresh country air. One is to hunt a furnished room and cat one's meals at the town cake shop, which is aristocratic; the other is to find board in a private family, which is worthy and respectable. To have a furnished room and eat around in town restaurants and wine shops marks one off at once as an offenier against the social order. And so it comes to be the cake shop, with its good food and its prices on the level of those of the Bouleward des Capucines, or else adieu to Sceaux; for you cannot find board in any private family, or, if you did, you would not like it. In Sceaux and the surrounding country



Renting a Low Cellinged Room.

there are several establishments in which mere furnished rooms may be found. Along the shady road to Fontenay-the-Roses there is a peaceful tavern, all shaded in its greenery, where blue-bloused carters stop to take a cheerful glass. Its disadvantages are that the picturesque bloused carters take any quantity of absinthe in their cheerful glasses, and then their conversation runs to politics and cursing foreigners. In this tavern you may have a room for In this to politics and cursing foreigners. In this tavern you may have a room for sixty francs (twelve dollars) a month, including service, but without lights. Complete table board, i. e., one lunch and one dinner each day, including wine or beer, may be had for one hundred and fifty francs (thirty dollars). The morning breakfast (coffee, bread and butter) costs an additional sixty centimes a day. So one's In this tavern you may have a room for sixty francs (twelve dollars) a month, including service, but without lights, Complete table board, i. e., one lunch and one dinner each day, including wine or beer, may be had for one hundred and fifty francs (thirty dollars). The morning breakfast (coffee, bread and butter) costs an additional sixty centimes a day. So one's board at the tavern of the shady road comes also to a dollar and a half a day.

In Sceaux itself half a dozen families let rooms simply. But they are rooms for noisy artisans. One discouraged dressmaker has a three-windowed room, which she sometimes rents for \$12 a month. A widow lady, the proprietor of a handsome villa, has occasionally accommodated people with good social references; but she asks \$20 a month. Finally, three miles across the shady land, in the romantic valley of the Wolf, there is a hotel which will give complete board for 8 francs aday. The situation is as sweet as anything in Stanley Weyman, an old-fashioned hostelry of heavy stone all ivy-bound, with stairways winding round the outside, and with heavy porticoes. It has a great garden under trees, with follage so thick that you may sit out in a thunder storm and scarcely feel the rain. The food is good to daintness, and there is a Burgundian wine at a low price, with a real perfume. Two dozen tables sit out in the shady garden.



A Wedding at the Mayors.

Great porticoes, inclosed in glass, are built around the second floor. And there are summer houses high up in the air, still shaded, where you may eat and mayhap

shaded, where you may eat and mayhap sing.

"But, madame, these rooms on the second floor, I like them better; why may we not have them?" "Oh, those three rooms are only to be let out by the day. I could not give them up to boarders." "How? I do not understand." "Oh, they are for the young people who come from Paris to take lunch and dinner out here in the country. On Saturdays and Sundays we are very gay." She laughed. "I would not rent those rooms for \$40 a month apiece. I could not rent them." Nor could we, after being so informed. The valley of the Wolf is a real pandemonium three days in Wolf is a real pandemonium three days in

Wolf is a real pandemonium three days in every seven.

So, to enjoy the country air and shady walks, one must live with the widow lady in the town and eat at the aristocratic cake shop. It is a cake shop but in name; for it does a fine catering business for the hundred families who live in their pretty villas. Sceaux is composed of villas, hid behind high walls of stone, ard shaded with great trees. Sceaux is half villa property and half a country town, of workingmen and artisans. The two classes are so well divided off that neither notices the other. The only pleasure of the workingmen and artisans is drinking white wine, bitters, absinthe, beer and coffee. The only pleas-



Farmer Boys. pre of the well-to-do folks of the villa is o eat high lunches and complicated dinners from the cake shops.

It is a quiet town, situated on a hill. The brown streets crawl up from the railway station as they may, zig-zagging helplessly between the high walls of the villas. There is always shade, and in the center of

the town a great park in the style of Versailles spreads its well-clipped foliage over a wide space, where there is always air. One may sit in this park and read the One may sit in this park and read the Paris papers, or sit and muse upon the life one sees around him. On two sides of the park the bare, brown houses of the shopkeepers and working people rise, old, crooked streets, ill-smelling, with the houses crowded close together.

Who live in them? Sceaux has a printing and lithographic establishment, which supplies work to 300 men and boys. Sceaux is a small center of shop-keeping, of supply and exchange, for a limited country circle.



Sceaux feeds and houses the peasant-pro-prietors and agricultural laborers of all the fields round about, bare fields of truck patch cultivation for the Parls markets, where no farm houses rise. The culti-vators of these fields live in the town.

patch cultivation for the Paris markets, where no farm houses rise. The cultivators of these fields live in the town. The farmers' boys, if one may call them such, play cards in the town wine shops nightly. The printers and lithographers sit with them, but there is no gayety, no song. They chat of politics. Along the straggling streets the children walk decorously in the long twilight after school hours. The women sit at home.

Young girls sit with their mothers. A strict censoriousness keeps life subdued and in its well-worn grooves; the very cafes have their fine-marked grades of social worthiness. In none of them are ever seen the villa people, neither sons nor fathers. In the shady, breezy park young girls of high respectability sit on the benches of a morning with their mothers. Young men of the same grade of respectability pass by and eye them furtively, but do not stop to chat, even though they have danced with the girls last evening. Trifling is discouraged, and girls are "valued" by heir mothers.

Twice a week this rigor is relaxed. The balls of Sceaux, so celebrated thirty years ago, exist still. The great park is a relic of the old chateau grounds, and it has a fine pavillon, circus-tented, with a concrete foor. Here twice a week the ball of Sceaux takes place. People no longer come from Paris, but to the town it is a custom, a tradition, and for the young folks their one and only gayety. The mothers sit around the circle of the circus tent. Each mother has a chair beside her, on which chait her daughter sits when she is not engaged in dancirg.

The orchestra strikes up the quadrille, the lanciers, the gavotte, the farandole, or, now and then, a waltz. The young men approach the mothers, each in his social sphere, whose circumscription is too complicated for a foreigner to grasp.

"Madame, permit me to dance?"

A graceful bow, with a look of mingled respect and admiration for the daughter. She lends her daughter to the young maa for a dance, and when the music stops he brings the daughter back in the

sleeps peacefully.
On the road to Chatenay the woods and

up his voice. He was chased away, with shouts and laughter. Then the cure said: "Write on this visit—the coming of the idle donkey and his hostile reception by the industrious students." Some boys wrote fifty lines, some two hundred. Voltaire only wrote a line, a mere quotation from the Gospel of Saint John: "In propria venit et sui eum non receperunt;" "He came to his own and his own received him not."

STERLING HEILIG.

CATS AND DIPHTHERIA.

Evidence That the Animals May Spread the Infection. From the British Medical Journal.

The cat is acquiring a bad reputation in Brighton. Dr. Newsholme, in his recently issued quarterly report, devotes a separate section to a description of an outbreak of uspicious illness among cats in a particular district of the town, and to a warning against keeping cats which are suffering from certain enumerated symptoms. Dr. Newsholme's attention was called to cats by the fact that in the neighborhood between Elm Grove and Southover street—a part of Brighton inhabited almost solely by the laboring classes—there had been noti-fied a group of cases of diphtheria in the course of a single fortnight, which pointed distinctly to the operation of some local

The patients comprised both children and adults. They did not attend any particu-The patients comprised both children and adults. They did not attend any particular school; there was no community of milk supply; personal infection from case to case could not be traced, and no sanitary defects were found in the affected houses. But in each instance there was a history that the household cat had been ill, and in several families the child who was specially fond of the cat was the sole victim of diphtheria. The illness of the affected cats had not been carefully observed, but it included one or more of the following symptoms: A bad cough, difficulty in swallowing, discharge from the nose, and marked emaciation. In some of the houses the cat had simply been observed to be wasting, and in several instances the head of the household volunteered the surmise that "the cat had been poisoned." In one house, the center of the affected neighborhood, nine live cats were found, and the neighbors stated that in the previous week a dead cat lay in the yard attached to this house, with discharge oozing from its nostrils. In another house a mild case of diphtheria was attributed to the smell arising from the cat, which had died in a garden adjoining the house. Four of the emaclated cats referred to above were secured, and necropsy, including a bacteriological examination, was made, but with entirely negative results. The illness of the cats in question dated from at least

bacteriological examination, was made, but with entirely negative results. The illness of the cats in question dated from at least a month before the opportunity for examining them arose, so that the negative result is not surprising.

It will be remembered that Dr. Klein, in his investigation into cat diphtheria, found that the diphtheria infection produced in the cat an acute lung inflammation, the kidneys becoming degenerated in the manner known in man as the "large white kidney." The condition of the household cat is worthy of inquiry in all such local outbreaks as the one briefly described by Dr. Newsholme, and it may be well to remember that if the cat can be secured for anatomical examination, even in the acute tomical examination, even in the acute stage of the disease, there will probably be no exudation in the throat, but only marked pneumonia, and possibly also renal inflammation. The public warning given in Brighton as to cats has had the desired effect, the small outbreak having come to an abrupt termination with the destruction of suspected cats, and of many others whose career has been shortened in consequence of the publicity given to the facts of the case.

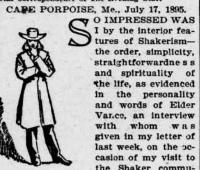
FOR DEBILITATED MEN. Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. J. B. Alexander, Charlotte, N. C. says: "It is not only pleasant to the taste, but ranks among the best of nerve tonics for deblitated men," A SHAKER MEETING

Pauline Pry Attends a Sabbath Service in the Community.

DAILY LIFE OF A PECULIAR PEOPLE

A Round of Duties in the House and the Shop.

THEY ARE NEVER IDLE



nity at Alfred, I must confess to losing all

the order, simplicity, straightforwardne s s and spirituality of the life, as evidenced in the personality and words of Elder Vance, an interview with whom was given in my letter of last week, on the occasion of my visit to the Shaker commu-

interest in the external features, and I went away without so much as asking Elder Vance to show me about the village. However, this interest in the essence of go back to get more of it, and two days later I went again to Alfred, having written to ask Elder Vance to let me witness their religious services on Sunday, which have been closed to the public in conse quence of having been turned into a spec made the Shaker village the objective point of Sunday excursions. This rule against outsiders is known to be so strictly enforced, I got off the cars at Alfred with small hope of accomplishing much more than getting on again. Instead of this, however, I found Elder Vance waiting with an old-fashioned chaise to take me right into the bosom of the Shaker family. This hospitality was due to the earnestness I had manifested in seeking to know the spiritual side of Shakerism. Two days' experience of the practical side has left me wondering, as I said at the start, if I have not seen as much of the millennium as will ever come on earth. made the Shaker village the objective point

wondering, as I said at the start, if I have not seen as much of the millennium as will ever come on earth.

For one thing, the dress of the sisters, as the Shaker women are called, has by its unchanging style and simple serviceableness reduced the whole problem of dress to an absurdity. It made my tailor-built, organ-back, hair-cloth-sodden clothes seem truly a device of the snake that introduced Eve to all the other evils that afflict women. This Shaker dress is of a uniform cut, and approximately uniform color. The work-dress is dark blue, and the "best" dress light brown, or, for the young ones, white. The Waist is plain and sewn on the skirt, which is pleated all around and of ankle length. The neck is dressed with a white linen collar having a cape attachment, and outside of this is a "kerchief, pinned at the waist. At all times, except during meeting, an apron is worn. The hair is combed straight back from the forehead and wrapped around the head under a small cap of stiffly starched white net, further stiffened by wires. Out of doors, the queer straw bonnet, with its cape of muslim—the shaker—is worn.

The Servant Girl Problem Settled.

The Servant Girl Problem Settled. Then the Shaker housekeeping, that is indisturbed by any servant question: Oh! I wish you could smell it. With your eyes shut and led into a Shaker house, you would know you were in a new world of some sort just by the freshness and sweetsome sort just by the freshness and sweet-ness of the air there. I was given a room that was fragrant with the scent of pine woods. The white walls, white matting, and high white beds, the queer old-fash-ioned chairs and tables, and positively ioned chairs and tables, and positively funny little stove on spider legs, made by the immaculate carc manifest in all a fairly holy place to rest in. The elder after seeing me into the keeping of the sisters had left me with them until the next

morning.
I did not know their names, and no men-I du not know their names, and no men-tion was made of mine. Yet such free-masonry of sex and spirit prevailed that instantly these strange-garbed, sweet-faced women seemed in truth my sisters. I ate my supper alone, after one of the sisters had provided all my wants. The table was set with coarse, beautifully laundered linen. The china was plain white, and some of The china was plain white, and some of the spoons tin. I had for supper corned beef hash, strawberries, cream, milk and tea to drink, cake, two kinds of pie, and the most delicious bread I ever tasted in

life.
o curiosity as to who I was or why I No curiosity as to who I was or why I had come seemed to exist in the minds of the sisters. It was as if life was without beginning and without end, and without any possible interruption for them. I was both as much and as little as the rest of the world to them—a world that with its turbulency and temptations was so remote here. I went to sleep that night feeling as if, with wishing to, I could fly—just so angelic and infectious was the spirit of the place.

place.
The sister told me that the rising bell The sister told me that the rising bell for the community would ring at 4:30 in the morning. In winter it is rung at 6. The sisters are divided into three groups, assigned in turns of two weeks' duration to special work. Thus one group for two weeks does the kitchen work, and then rests from this four weeks, meanwhile taking a turn at milking, the laundry, or some other feature of housework. The intervals of housework are occupied with sewing and with weaving the straw and fashioning from it dainty baskets and boxes that are cold by the Shakers at seashore and mountain resorts during the summer.

I was awakened in the morning, not by I was awakened in the morning, not by the rising bell, but by the "ding-dong" of a chorus of cow bells passing outside. Going to the window I saw a procession of thirty cows, driven by a couple of boys, who, with their long hair, great broadbrimmed straw hats and home-made coats and trousers, presented such an odd appearance. My maternal vanity realized with a pang what unreasonable but actual distress I would suffer to see my own Little Lord Fauntleroy denied his smart worldly dress for the kingdom of heaven's take. Verily it is small strings that bind us to the world, but they are strong.

They Confess Their Sins.

After breakfast the elder of the two sisters, whom I had learned to call Lucinda-the Shakers address everybody by the given name, abolishing titles-Lucinda told me Elder John was waiting for me. "Elder John" I found to be Elder Vance, who introduced me to a small-sized young woman, saying, "This is Eldress Fanny." woman, saying, "This is Eldress Fanny."

Eldress Fanny stands for the mother of the family, as Elder John does for the father. She regulates the sisters in matters of the day, oversees the work and apportions to each according to her needs. She also is the confessor and spiritual adviser of the sisters. The institution of confession is the same among the Shakers that it is in the Catholic Church, except that the women confess to a woman and the men to a man.

to a man.

Eldress Fanny has lived in the communi-Eldress Fanny has lived in the community since she was four years old, having been left motherless and put there to board at that age. She is therefore utterly without experience in the world. As I spent the morning with her measuring in free converse my knowledge of the world against her ignorance of it I felt like some sort of ugly black beetle against a pane of glass. Locking from the point of view of the world beyond or of the world behind, thus our natures measured—mine a definite black obstruction to the light and hers a clear transparent medium for beetles to fasten on and look through for whatever is outside. All through the morning in the sweetest possible communion with Eldress Fanny—indeed, all through my stay among the Shakers—I was confused to determine whether I had been dreaming all my life and had just come into the reality of living or whether from the realities I was having a brief respite and holy dream.

A Shaker Meeting.

In the afternoon I went with Lucinda to meeting. The meeting was held in a large, low-ceilinged room in the second story of the dwelling house. The community at Alfred is divided into two families, septing a feminine voice.

arated by a quarter of a mile. The "second family," as the more remote one is called, was assembled. At one end of the long, rather dark room, with its highly polished floor, sat a row of girls and women, in their quaint dress, their exquisite faces every one angelic in expression and of unusual physical attractiveness. At the opposite end were several boys, three middle-aged men and one very old man. The Shaker brethren in their attire do mortify the flesh to a greater degree than the women, being to an eye that would overlook the seer-like calm of their faces comical, with their long hair and home-made tailoring. Each face, however, showed in different degrees that glorious consciousness Elder John had expressed of triumph over a carnal nature.

Elder John had expressed of triumph over a carnal nature.

A bell sounded, and with a swish of skirts I got the impression of moving wings and spirits entering, so swiftly and somehow mysteriously members of the first family appeared, and, sixty in all, they ranged in two bodies, men one and women the other, opposite each other, and began to sing. My imagination is lively, and the conditions were such as to warrant exaggeration of every lurking suggestion of the supernatural.

But in truth it seemed to me the voices

But in truth it seemed to me the voices of these strange people possessed a spirit-ual quality—high, free, vehement motion toward God that made their singing seem ual quality—high, free, vehement motion toward God that made their singing seem the very essence of angelic worship.

Following the first song Elder John, in a voice whose depth of gentleness seems to contain the whole range of human sympathy, divinely harmonizing human ills with godly cures, spoke of their life, exhorting each to adhere to its purpose, and instantly he was done a clear voice broke into song and the whole body joined, moving the while in a circle about the room, waving their hands, their bodies having the appearance of volatility. Elder John told me afterward that the principle of these movements while they sing is that their knowledge of how intimate is the association of body and spirit in man informs them that a stolid body in worship acts like an insulating medium in the way of currents of inspiration induced by lifting up their hearts to God. Therefore, they have these various principal exercises of worship which stand in the same relation to a spiritual idea that Delsarte movements have to an idea of the beautiful in expression. The prayer concluding the meeting was begun in silence kneeling, until some one moved by enthusiasm burst into song.

The Various Activities.

The Various Activities. The remainder of the day I spent in julet enjoyment of the rare life into which I had been projected—enjoyment that in blissfulness and uneventfulness bordered on the ecstatic.

The next morning I assisted Harriet, the sister who had done the cooking for me, in clearing away the breakfast dishes and working in the kitchen, the like of which I have never before known. I realized what George Eliot may have had in mind when she said that to her mind there was more of home in an orderly kitchen than is possible to be made in any other room of a house.

house.
When the breakfast dishes were finished went with Eldress Fanny through the work shop, in which the brethren do car-pentering, then out to the dairy, where, as pentering, then out to the dairy, where, as if arranged for a stage spectacle, so little reference to possible utility did their wonderful order and neatness suggest, were the buckets for milking on the shady porch outside, and within a shining gasoline engine that operates a mechanism for separating cream and does the churning. From here was went to the laundry. This had every ing cream and does the churning. From here we went to the laundry. This had every convenience for the work to be found in a city laundry, thus reducing the burden to the minimum. Upstairs was a room for drying clothes in bad weather, and the latest devices for ironling were to be found in the ironing room. If private households were arranged with the regard for making weman's work systematic and easy that is everywhere manifest by the Shakers many "world's women" would speedly solve the servant question as have the many "world's women" would speedily solve the servant question as have the Shakers—serve themselves.

It was 9 o'clock when I was in the laundry, and at this early hour the sisters had their week's washing for sixty persons finished, and were beginning to iron.

The Shaker Atmosphere. In the dwelling house the sitting room of the sisters is also their work shop. Here were great machines for straw weaving, and working tables, but the evidence of shop was so softened by touches of beauty and over all that indescribable air of sweetness, purity and simplicity which is the Shaker atmosphere, that the thought of labor became a temptation to the indolent.

A Shaker is never idle. I saw the girls A Shaker is never idle. I saw the girls just come from washing as soon as they sat down to rest were at once occupied with knitting. Yet with all the evidence of ceaseless industry apparent there was absolutely no suggestion of slavishness or of bondage of any sort. It was all the voluntary labor of love—love of God that accords the Creator His property in all His creatures, and holds their activities and opportunities in time accountable to Him.
When I said good-bye to the sisters it was like leaving my own kindred, so broad

was like leaving my own kindred, so broad is their spirit to include every good love of one's life in their sphere. I was driven to the station by one of the brethren, called Henry, whose face, like Elder John's, is radiant with that "peace of mind which passeth all understanding."

"Well," said Henry, "do you think you have learned what Shakerism is now?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, with the pride and assurance of a peacock. "I know it thoroughly, and it accords with all my theories."

"Yea," replied Henry, "but theories contain small wisdom. To know the doctrine you must live the life."

To which I was bound to agree, and with my beautiful three-eyed feathers dragging in the dust I left the Shakers a greatly humbled sort of PAULINE PRY.

The Vulgarities of Wealth.

I wonder if there was ever a time when the money value of everything was so much regarded as it is today, or a people that thought so much of it as we Americans do. The English have been called a nation of shopkeepers, but you do not find the price of everything coupled with every mention of it in the English as you do in the American papers. One never sees a simple announcement of the fact that Mr. Smith proposes building a house somewhere; it is always a "million-dollar house" or a "\$50,-000 cottage." This is not merely in the building trade journals, but in the news columns or "society" department of the general newspaper. It will be but a little

general newspaper. It will be but a little while before our, "society" news will be dressed up in this fashion:
"Mr. Jones, the Chicago multi-millionaire, was married yesterday, at high noon, to Miss Johnson, the noted New York heiress. It is understood that the Rev. Dr. Brown, who officiated, received a \$5,000 fee; each of the ushers wore a \$250 pin, the gift of the bridegroom, whose farewell bachelor dinner is said to have cost him a small fortune. After the reception which followed the ceremony, the happy pair, having embraced the happy parents, took the 3 p.m. train for Washington and the south, where they will probably pay a visit at the \$1,000,000 country seat recently opened by the bride's cousin in Kentucky. Mr. Jones' \$250,000 steam yacht has been put in commission for the summer, and a trip to Norway is among the probabilities before the owner returns to the management of his enormous business. The union of the Jones and Johnson families effected yesterday is, from a monetary point of view, one of the most notable that have occurred this season."

I have said it will not be long before this will be the regular formula for notices of the weddings of the rich; but it is practically the formula today. The readers of a New York daily of the highest standing

the weddings of the rich; but it is practically the formula today. The readers of a New York daily of the highest standing were informed, on the occasion of a recent wedding, that "the bride's trousseau is said to have cost \$40,000," that "a conservative estimate" of the Value of the presents she received was \$700,000, and that "the wedding probably cost about \$1,000,000." Apropos of this same wedding, the pastor of a Presbyterian church in this city has been forced to ask the press to cease circulating ridiculously exaggerated statebeen forced to ask the press to cease circulating ridiculously exaggerated statements regarding his wealth—statements that tend, as he truly declares, to bring religion itself into disrepute. When Gen. Sherman died, one of his eulogists remarked that at his fireside speculations were never heard as to the wealth of this, that or the other millionaire. It was a compliment that could not be paid to many. But then, Sherman was a soldier, not a saddler.

She Was There When It Fell. From the Yonkers Statesman.

Out of the gloom surrounding the porch across the street, the other evening, we

NEED OF CLERKS

The Inadequate Assistance Provided for the Librarian of Congress.

COMPARED WITH OTHER LIBRARIES

A Chat With Mr. Spofford About the Great Collection.

THE NEW BUILDING

"If I were asked who is the busiest ma ever knew and the man who accomplish ed the most, I should say it was Mr. A R. Spofford, the librarian of Congres Some men make a great show of being busy, but somehow they do not seem to nake headway in proportion. Mr. Spofford is not one of those. He does something all the time."

The speaker was a man who is familian with Washington affairs and a frequent visitor at the library, To any one goes often to that home of literature and books the truth of what he said will be fairly evident. There is no library in the world with anything like the number of volumes which has anything like such small working force. To add to the labora rights is also a part of the duties of the librarian, and it is hard to realize what an immense amount of work that responsibility entails unless one has had some per-

sonal reasons for investigating the matter. The recent question raised by the officials of the treasury over the delay on the part of the librarian in transmitting the pay accounts of his department and the discussion over the general system and management of the library is likely to bring forth good fruit, and the chances are that at the coming session of Congress some suitable provision will be made for the needs of the library which will give additional clerical help as well as a more complete organization than it now possesses. The integrity of the librarian's accounts has never been questioned in the slightest, but the discussion has served to again give prominence to the tremendous strain under which the librarian labors. The attention of Congress has frequently been directed to the lack of proper facilities for attending to the rapidly expanding business of the Congressional Library, but no attention has been paid to Mr. Sponford's entreaties, and he has, therefore, been compelled to continue in the performance of an amount and variety of labor that should be distributed among taree or four men.

A Large Force Needed. of the treasury over the delay on the part

A Large Force Needed.

The engineers of the War Department who have had charge of the construction of the new library building have expressed the opinion that it will be ready for occupancy during the early part of 1897. As the earlier stages of its erection, there is good reason to think that they are not so very far off in their guess as to the time

very far off in their guess as to the time of its completion. Mr. Spofford is a member of the commission having in charge the construction of the handsome home for the Library of Congress, and from the moment of its first inception he has taken an active interest in the work.

It goes without saying that in a building the size of the new library a clerical force of the present size would be entirely inadequate. Mr. Spofford said to a Star reporter yesterday that he had, not yet given that question the attention it deserved, but that in a general way it was safe to say that a force five times as great would not be a bit too large.

that in a general way it was sare to say that a force five times as great would not be a bit too large.

With the completion of the new Library building a number of important questions will have to be settled with reference to the disposition of the books in the main library as well as in the law library, which now has its home in the lower part of the Capitol. Speaking on this subject, Librarian Spofford said:

"At the last session of Congress this general zubject was talked over at some length, but no definite conclusion was reached. My own suggestion, which, of course, carries with it no weight beyond what comes from my long experience in the library, is to leave in the main or central library in the Capitol a good legislative working library of about 70,000 volumes for the use of Congress alone. This would be of the greatest assistance to Senators and Representatives, and the room would be an excellent working place for members who are engaged in compilling materials for speeches or reports—a conmaterials for speeches or reports—a con-venience that is not at their disposal now except in the case of those who are for-tunate enough to be chairmen of commit-

Place for the Archives

The central library building could easily accommodate 70,000 volumes, and this would leave the two wings to be use in any way that Congress might see fit. There is, of course, great need for more committee rooms, and the wings would make room for about twenty, ten for the Senate and ten for the House. Or they could be arranged to store the valuable archives of Congress, which are now ac-

archives of Congress, which are now accommodated in a very unsatisfactory manner, and in rooms that are lined with wood, and consequently anything but fireproof. If they were placed in these two wings they could be arranged in proper order on these iron shelves, and in such a way that it would be possible to get, at a moment's notice, any manuscript document of Congres back to the time of Henry Clay, a thing that is almost impossible at present. "The general public should not be allowed into this library then, and the room would not be used all the time, as it is now, by people who go tramping through for the purpose of getting a view of the city from the west portico. In addition to having all the legislative works of reference, this library should have a copy of every work by the standard American and English authors. This would be made possible by our copyright system, which secures duplicate volumes of every work that is registered.

"As to the expediency of removing the

registered.

"As to the expediency of removing the law library or keeping it here, that is a matter for Congress to determine, and would depend largely on the convenience of Congress and the Supreme Court. The ultimate plan of having a separate building for the Supreme Court on the square opposite the new Library building would probably have its effect in determining the best place for the law library, but I doubt whether it will ever be moved so long as the Supreme Court is housed in the Capitol.

Bureau of Converter.

Bureau of Copyright. "With reference to the matter of the re-organization of the library force, when we

go into the new building, or even before,

can only repeat the suggestion I have already made for the appointment of a separate bureau of copyright, with a bonded fficer at its head, who would have charge of the matter of records and certificates This work, which now devolves upon our orce, is one of immense detail. A year ago congress gave us additional help to bring Congress gave us additional help to bring up the arrears of copyright work, so that now certificates are only two weeks behind instead of several months. But even that addition is not sufficient, as one can see when he considers the vast amount of indexing work that must be done. This is largely a voluntary work on my part, as it is my ambition to have a triple index, by authors, by subjects and by publishers.

"There will be a positive and pressing need for an increase of the clerical force when we go into the new building. The need for an increase of the clerical force when we go into the new building. The very size of the building will make it necessary, for, while the books are to be stacked as near as possible to the central reading room, there must still be plenty of room left for additions to the various subjects, and the employes of the library will have more ground to cover in getting the volumns that are asked for, even with all the modern facilities for dispatch in handling them. The constant growth of the library also requires an addition to the clerical force. I would have a graded system of appointment and promotion, based on experience and ability. Every clerk should pass some sort of a civil service examination before he is taken on the rolls. In other words, I mean that tools ought always to be placed in the hands of men who are best able to use them. As it is, I never muke an appointment outright, but only on probation, and retention in office room left for additions to the various sub

frequent and unnecessary changes, as they militate against the value of any working

Compared With Other Libraries. "The present clerical force of the library numbers twenty-nine, with ten engaged on special work. When that is compared with the forces in other large libraries of the world it is easy to see how grossly inadequate it is. The library of the British Museum has a force of 120, although its

Museum has a force of 120, although its quarters are nothing like as large as our new building, and it has no copyright work. Furthermore, it has no 'circulation department' like ours, for neither queen, lord nor commoner can take a book out of that library. The Boston Public Library, which also has no copyright business, and has 500,000 volumes, as against our 700,000, has a clerical force of over one hundred. 'It is a fact that the copyright business occupies fully one-half of the attention of our library force. Its correspondence is greater even than that of the Interior Department, and the librarian must sign all certificates, supervise all correspondence and make decisions as to keep them uniform. He must also read an enormous number of catalogues of book sales, and mark them for the assistants, so that a search can be made to ascertain the needs of the library. In this way we are able to mark them for the assistants, so that a search can be made to ascertain the needs of the library. In this way we are able to get books much cheaper than we could through the regular dealers. In addition he has charge of the immense correspondence of the library proper, the international exchange of books, the revision of the work of cataloguing and the supervision and oversight of the work of all the assistants."

As to Evening Openings.

Speaking of the matter of keeping the library open of evenings, Mr. Spofford said: 'I have always been in favor of keeping s public library open in a public manner. By that I mean it should be open during the evening, if not on Sunday, in order that people who are busy during the day may get the benefit of the library. The question of keeping open on Sunday is a vexed question, and one that I do not care to go into. I would be in favor of keeping

question of Reeping open on Suiday is a vexed question, and one that I do not care to go into. I would be in favor of keeping the library open, when it gets into its new building, up to about 10 o'clock in the evening. This is a matter, however, for Congress to settle, and is outside of the jurisdiction of the librarian.

"The hours at present are from 3 to 4, just as in the other departments of the government, with the exception that when Congress is in session it is open until dark. There is no provision for lighting the library. Some time ago I recommended that the library be kept open in the evening, but the joint committee on the library, after consulting with the architect of the Capitol, as to the cost of putting in the necessary equipments for lighting, decided adversely on my recommendation.

"The hour for closing a public library in the evening is a matter of expediency and to be fixed upon as a result of experience. I would recommend keeping the library open for the use of readers continuously from 9 a.m. until 10 p.m., at first. The new building is somewhat distant from the center of population in this city, and it might be that it would not be generally used after 9 o'clock. If it was found that very few people used if after that hour it might be as well to make 9 the hour of closing. That would all be settled in time, however. In case the library should be kept open it would, of course, mean extra work for the employes and would necessitate an addition to the force.

"In view of all these facts," said Mr. Spofford, in conclusion, "it would seem as though I was not asking too much in recommending an increase in the ciercal force and the appointment of a special bureau of copyrights."

Serge Conts and Duck Trousers for From Clothier and Furnisher.

ionable quarters of our large cities are de populated. Every one who is in a position to do so has taken up his abode among the mountains or the seashore. Those whose business requires their daily presence in the city journey to and fro morning and evening. This season the fancy of the well-dressed man, be he young or old, has turn-ed to thoughts of serge coats and duck



trousers, and you can rely upon it, he has a stock of these light-weight garments on hand. Illustration No. 1 represents the latest style of a serge coat, with duck trousers, and 's a true picture of what is being worn by the ultra-fashionable.

For other than seaside wear, although it would not be criminal to be so clothed at a watering place, the mode is faithfully depicted in the accompanying sack suit, No. 2. In the country, in mountainous sections, and even in the city, this suit is much fine evidence.

The style in straw hats this season is a very pretty conception. It has a high

very pretty conception. It has a high crown, and the band is of medium width. Narrow bands and those of large propor-tions are not the thing. Colored bands are popular.

Aesculapian Love.

From the St. James Gazette. Oh bid me not, Amanda, as a student of the Lancet, To meet you when the moon has tinged the sleeping earth with gold; The evening is traditionally fitting, but perchance it Would bring about bronchitis, or at least a heavy cold.

And though we love each other as but few have loved before us,
We need no outward token of unalterable bliss;
Leave that to those less prudent; the authorities assure us
That very often microbes are transmitted by a kiss.

Nor must you rush toward me to express your satisfaction;
It's true that fate has severed us for many a weary day;
But still excitement, as you know, accelerates the action pulse and heart in really quite a prejudicial Of pulse way.

I'll see you, then, at midday (please make sure the room is heated To 60 degrees or 61 degrees); we'll talk about the And how our various ailments by our doctors have been treated. When, by the way, Amanda, were you vaccinated last?

And so we'll meet tomorrow; I will sing your favor-ite ballad, ite ballad,
For vocal exercises greatly benefit the lung,
and, having lunched discreetly off an hygienic sailad,
We'll gaze into each other's eyes and on each
other's tongue!

A Born Diplomat.

From Puck.

Charley was caught napping on the porch of the summer resort. A pair of soft little hands covered his eyes, and a sweet voice

commanded: "Guess who it is."

Nothing very dreadful for Charley in this, you think; but, then, you don't know that Charley was engaged to two girls, and, for the life of him, couldn't decide which voice the life of him, couldn't decide which voice it was, which made a very embarrassing situation for Charley. A wrong guess would lead to complications awful to think of. But a happy thought inspired Charley, and he announce: "It's the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world."
"Oh, you lovely boy!" gurgled the satisfied one, as she removed her hands.
And now Charley thinks of applying for a foreign ministry, feeling that his talents would be wasted in any other than a diplomatic field.

A Little Boston Girl.

From the Hudson Register.
The little girls of Boston are reported to amination before he is taken on the rolls.
In other words, I mean that tools ought always to be placed in the hands of men who are best able to use them. As it is, I never muke an appointment outright, but only on probation, and retention in office depends upon ability, although opposed to

SHALL BABY DIE?

Cholera Infantum Now Menaces Homes.

Mothers Warned to Look Sharp to Child's Food

Diet Wrong When Infant Cries Continually.

Children of Physicians Fed on Lactated Food.

Delicate, Sickly Ones Thrive Wonderfully on It.

The hot weather puts a pressing question to every mother—a question that demands an immediate answer.

ate answer.

It is impossible to postpone looking the great problem of infant-feeding fully in the face. Has every precaution been taken to keep baby well during the summer? Is the baby running any risk from cholera infantum?

People have begun to learn that medicines for infants are more sparingly used in physicians' families than in any others, and that the well-educated physician, when the mother's milk, for any reason, is not sufficient, brings up his own children on lactated food.

There are no healthier or plumper bables than those fed on lactated food. Fewer cases of summer diarrhoea and cholera infantum occur in homes where this superb nutriment is employed than in others. The most carefully, intelligently guarded children are those fed on lactated food. Every infant who is not thrying, has not coller or shows children are those fed on lactated food. Every in-fant who is not thriving, has poor color or shows small gains in weight and size should be given this perfect infant food. It is relished by young chil-dren, and there is no difficulty in inducing them to take it in quantities sufficient to insure their growth and bealthy condition. During the exhaustive hot days of summer, while teething and during the weaning period lactated food stands its best test

as an ideal infant food for all trying occasious When for any reason the mother cannot nurse the child, or when her milk is insufficient or poor in quality, the best trained nurses use lactated food at once. It is known to invariably make firm flesh, a clear skin, bright eyes and to strengthen the body so that diarrhoea, cholera infantum and exhausting summer sickness do not easily gain a footage that contains enough to make 10 pints of pure cooked food.

A WIFE'S OBEDIENCE.

About the Word Obey in the Marriage Service.

Rev. E. J. Hardy, in the London Queen. Much is said, both wise and otherwise, in reference to the obedience which a wife vows to yield to her husband. Brides boast that they have evaded the word "obey" and substituted "go gay," "say nay," or some other of similar sound. After her wedding a lady of this kind remarked to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, who had performed the ceremony, "Now, Mr. Maurice, I call you to witness that I entertain no intention of obeying." Maurice answered with his

you to witness that I entertain no intention of obeying." Maurice answered with his sad, sweet smile: "Ah, madam, you little know the blessedness of obedience."

Of course, no one worthy of attention believes that it is a wife's duty to obey when her husband wishes her to act contrary to the dictates of conscience. As little is she expected to conform to a standard of obedience and service such as was laid down in a conversation overheard between two children who were playing on the sands together: Small boy to little girl—"Do you wish to be my wife?" Little girl (after reflection)—"Yes." Small boy—"Then pull off my boots."

On a great many points, however, concerning the pecuniary or other interests of the family, the husband will usually be the wiser, and may most properly be treated as the senior partner in the firm. A woman may like to have her own way, but she has little respect for the husband who gives in to her in everything. The ideal wife claims the liberty of being herself and managing her house, but she never refuses loyalty to an affection which supports and protects her. Despotism and obedience are indeed terms that have no meaning in a matrimonial alliance of the right sort.

The word "obey" had not as great terrors

her. Despotism and obedience are indeed terms that have no meaning in a matrimonial alliance of the right sort.

The word "obey" had not as great terrors for our queen when she was going to be married as it has for the "new woman" among her subjects. When arranging about the service the archbishop of Canterbury asked her majesty whether it would be desirable to omit the word "obey." and she answered, "I wish to be married as a woman, not as a queen." Some of her majesty's subjects are not as subject as she was in this respect. They do desire to exercise sovereignty over their husbands, and do not prefer to reight through service. At a negro wedding, when the clergyman read the words, "love, honor and obey," the bridegroom interrupted him and said: "Read that again, sah, read it once mo; so's de lady kin katch de full solemnity of de meaning. I'se been married before three or four times (it does not matter which, except to himself), said: "My first wife cured me of romance, my second taught me humility and my third made me a philosopher." None of these wives could have caught the full solemnity of the vows they took when they were being married. The vexed question of conjugal obedience was settled by Spurgeon in a characteristic way. In an address at the marriage of the daughter of a friend, he spoke thus to the bride about her future lord: "Let him be the head, and do you be the neck, and turn him which way you please."

So Different in the Morning.

From the Hudson Register.
"Isn't it strange," soliloquized Crimsonbeak, "that champagne tastes so good at night and so bad the next morning?" An Adventure With His Lion-Hunting



